



The Theif



👁 221 ✓ 32 ★ 29

Chapter 1 by Soccer_5

My mother always told me never to steal, but I knew that I had to. It all started when my dad left, I was 11.

Chapter 2 by Sherlock



He had died, we needed money, so I did what I was good at.

Chapter 3 by Sherlock



I started steeling small things at first and then it escalated.

Chapter 4 by Yonatan Avidor



than from pick-pocket I moved to lanterns and then I started to pick locks of houses and steel big things

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Chapter 5 by Darkforest



To me It started to become more of a habit rather than a crime. Planning the hit, getting inside, getting what I needed and getting out.

The more I did it the easier it got.

Never got arrested.

Never got chastised.

Never got punished.

Just did what I did best

Chapter 6 by R



But then, one day, while I was walking casually through the streets and picking pockets on my way to a bigger heist, a hand grabbed around my wrist, just as I was pulling it out of a pocket.

Chapter 7 by Charles RadWhale



"I'll have that back" the man said taking his wallet back. "And what do you little **KOTEHOK** think you are doing?"

"Making a living" I hiss pulling my hand away. I try to disappear in the crowd, as I've done countless times, but I felt him following. I turned into an alleyway, the crappy kind that even the most desperate homeless stay out of, and pulled my trusty knife. I rarely used it for more than opening windows. That didn't mean I didn't know how to use it though.

"Now now, Put the claws away. I only want to talk" The man said with an easy smile. He didn't look much older than me, maybe two or three years tops. His heavy coat must have hid a pretty fit body since few people can keep up with me. His dark eyes gleamed in a way that made me uneasy.

"Maybe I don't have anything to say" I say widening my stance.

"Then listen" He said leaning against a wall.

"Speak up"

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"Yeah well there aren't many" I sneer.

"Thought I was doing the talking?" He says with a smug smile. I glare. He continues "Anyway I might have a job offer. Let's just say that I happen to well have you of your talents"

"And I have use of this knife, so what?"

"The pays good"

Chapter 8 by TheProfessor



I left in a huff, still rattled at being caught, and made my way haphazardly toward the job. I was late now and had to walk briskly, but still took the scenic route in case my admirer thought to follow.

It was a simple yet challenging enough hit, and the reward was decent, but I just couldn't stop thinking about that man in the alley. The joys of success were lost in the tangle of thoughts. This was upsetting my plan, my code. I always worked alone, and never admit to anything. And yet tonight upon his prodding questions I had admitted, to a stranger no less, my "occupation."

It was all too much for me.

I got home around 2AM and I needed to take a shower. But upon removing my jacket I felt something odd, I quickly reached into the inside pocket of my jacket and found a red domino. my heart skipped a beat.

How did this get here? The red domino was rather heavy, felt almost made of some sort of metal, and as I turned it over I found there was writing on the back.

when you're ready - 236 Larington Dr

Was this from that fellow in the alley? How did he get this into my interior pocket of my jacket? I

left in the opposite direction, didn't pass him so either he caught up to me as I walked the streets and got it in without my notice, or he was trying to pick his pockets.

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either way I was impress

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and intrigued

the end

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